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THE
JERUSALEM

OF
TORQUATO TASSO.

Translated by Mr. THOMAS HOOKE.

L O N D O N :

Printed by JAMES BETTENHAM :

And Sold by GEORGE HAWKINS, at *Milton's*
Head, between the *Temple Gates*, *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

The Argument.

Godfrey of Boulogne, in the Sixth Year of the Holy War, while the Troops are yet in their Winter-Quarters, receives a Command from God, by the Angel Gabriel, to assemble the Christian Princes, and exhort them to pursue their Enterprize. They elect him Commander in Chief. He makes a Review of his Forces, and then marches strait towards Jerusalem. His Approach terrifies the King of Judea.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
JERUSALEM.

THE pious Armies, and the Chief I sing,
Who freed the *Tomb* of Heav'n's *Anointed*
King :

Long labours for the glorious Prize he bore,
His Valour much perform'd, his Prudence more :
In vain did Hell with wily Rage oppose,
In vain to arms the Pow'rs of *Asia* rose,
Asia with *Lybia*'s swarthy Sons ally'd,
Alliance vain ! for God was on his Side,
Beneath Heav'n's Banner made his Peers unite,
And leave fell Discord for the faithful Fight.

O Heav'nly Muse ! for not of *Pindus* Thou,
Nor deck'd with fading Bays thy hallow'd Brow,

A 2

Nor

Nor in *Aonia's* Hill art wont to rove,
But sit'st enthron'd amid the Quires above,
Where round thy Head a circling Glory plays
Of Stars effulgent with immortal Rays,
Thou bid my Breast coelestial Warmth receive !
Thou tune my Numbers ! and O thou forgive !
To grace my Song if flow'ry Fiction join
Delights unknown to thee, with Truth divine.
Thou know'st, the *Many* of our World below
Seek the sweet Streams that from *Parnassus* flow,
That Truth, attemper'd to the pleasing Lay,
Has sooth'd the most reluctant to obey :
So sickly Children we contrive to cheat,
Round the Cup's Margin spread the tempting Sweet,
When fraught with Health the bitter Juice we give ;
They drink deceiv'd, and thus deceiv'd they live.

AND thou *Alphonso* ! whose auspicious Hand
Steer'd my weak Vessel to the wish'd-for Land,
When wandring wide, by furious Fortune tost
Midst Rocks and roaring Surges almost lost,
This Verse be thine, to thee this Verse I bear,
A votive Gift that owns thy Guardian Care,

The

The Day may come the Bard shall tune thy Name
And write thee foremost in the Roll of Fame.

For, should (our Wars compos'd) the Christians
join

(Urg'd by the Dictates of the Voice divine)

The haughty *Turk* to chase by Land and Sea,
And vindicate from Wrong the sacred Prey,
Each Honour at thy Choice would justly stand,
To lead their Armies, or their Fleets command,
Rival of *Godfrey*----Now, O hear th' Alarms
My Song resounds, and hearing, rise to Arms!

ALREADY roll'd the sixth revolving Year
Since first the Christians fought the Eastern War;
Nice they possess'd, by Storm they forc'd the Town,
And potent *Antioch* by Surprise had won,
'Gainst *Persia*'s num'rous Pow'rs their Conquest held,
And with her slaughter'd Armies strow'd the Field;
Tortosa next subdu'd, the Heroes bring
Their Troops to Quarters, and attend the Spring.

THE wintry Clouds had wasted all their Stores,
That swell'd the Floods, and check'd the con-
qu'ring Pow'rs,

And

And now th' ETERNAL from his awful Throne,
(Seat of all Pow'r) superior and alone,
In purest Æther, o'er the Stars as high
As from the Center to the spangled Sky,
Looks down below, and at a Glance surveys
All that contains the Space of Earth and Seas :
Then, where encamp'd the Christian Leaders lye,
In *Syria*, fix'd his all-discerning Eye,
And with that Look which views the Soul within,
The modest Virtue, and the mental Sin,
Godfrey beheld, his Thoughts intent alone
To drive the Pagan from the sacred Town,
All full of Faith, and Zeal, and pious Care ;
Fame, Wealth, and Empire seem'd but empty Air.
Not so *Baldwino*, He to these aspires,
For wild Ambition wings his vain Desires.
Careless of Life *Tancredo* lives, the Dart
Of hopeless Love with Anguish pierc'd his Heart :
While *Boemondo* on the *Syrian* Plain,
Lays the Foundations of his new Domain,
Studious new Laws, new Customs to injoin,
And the true God restore to Rites divine ;

This

This in his Mind appear'd the constant Care,
Nor other Thought had Room to harbour there.
But in *Rinaldo's* youthful Bosom glows
A warlike Soul impatient of Repose ;
Nor Pow'r, nor Wealth his gen'rous Mind in-
flame,
Smit with a Love inordinate of Fame ;
To *Guelpho* with Attention he applies,
And learns from old Examples to be wise.

WHEN thus the Monarch, who the World
controuls,
Of all the Chiefs had search'd the various Souls,
Gabriel he call'd, from mid th' Archangels bright,
Gabriel, the second of the Sons of Light,
Glad Messenger ! to whom the Lot is giv'n
To bear to purest Souls the Word of Heav'n,
And waft their Incense to the blest Abode,
Faithful Interpreter 'twixt Man and God.
To him th' ETERNAL : Hence, *Goffredo* find,
Ask why he lingers thus, to Rest resign'd ?
Nor leads his Squadrons to th' embattel'd Plain,
To rescue *Sion* from the servile Chain ?

Bid him arise, the Chiefs to Council call,
Quicken the flow, and be the Lord of all :
To rule his Peers to him my Choice has giv'n,
And they'll obey the Præ-elect of Heav'n,
Freely to him the sov'reign Pow'r consign,
And unconstrain'd their Will accomplish mine.

HE spoke. The Hierarch without Delay
Prepares the sacred Orders to obey :
O'er his pure Form a Veil of Air he threw,
Condens'd and visible to mortal View ;
With human Aspect, human Members, join
Coelestial Grace, and Majesty divine ;
A Child just blooming into Youth he seem'd,
His flaxen Curls with radiant Glory beam'd :
His Shoulders fledg'd, two shining Wings unfold,
White as the Snow, their Borders ting'd with
Gold :

These high thro' Winds and Clouds his Course
sustain,
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the boundless Main,
Unwearied, swift : thus from th' Ætherial Height
He plung'd precipitate, but check'd his Flight
Where

Where *Lebanon's* high Tops are seen to rise,
And balanc'd on his Wings, sails equal thro' the
Skies :

Then down with stiffen'd Pennon prone he bends,
And rapid to *Tortosa's* Plain descends.

The rising Sun a crimson Lustre gave,
Scarce half his Beams above the Eastern wave,
Goffredo watchful at his wonted Hour
With pious Pray'r invok'd the Heav'nly Pow'r,
When with the Morning Ray, but far more bright,
The flaming Seraph stood before his Sight.

WHO thus. O *Godfrey*, lo! the new-born
Year

Calls forth to arms, and dost thou linger here?
Nor lead thy Squadrons to th' embattel'd Plain,
To rescue *Sion* from the servile Chain?

Warrior arise, the Chiefs to Council call,
Quicken the slow, and be the Lord of all;
Lord of thy Peers thee God has chose, and they
Will freely chuse thee, and in War obey.

I Messenger of God, by him assign'd,
Reveal the Dictates of th' Almighty Mind.

What Hopes of Conquest in thy Breast should roll!
For such an Host what Zeal inspire thy Soul!
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his Eye,
And swift remounted to th' empyreal Sky.
Silent the Warrior stood in deep Amaze,
Struck with the Words, and dazzled with the Blaze.
At length compos'd, revolving in his Mind,
The Sent, the Sender and the Charge injoin'd,
If he before to end the War desir'd,
With burning Zeal now all the Heroe's fir'd :
Nor yet vain Glory touch'd his humble Breast
To find that Heav'n prefer'd him to the rest,
His Will grew ardent in the Will supreme,
As the faint Spark glows fiercer in the Flame.

HE sends around his Couriers with Commands
T' invite the Leaders of the Christian Bands,
(Not scatter'd far they lay) to meet in arms ;
And these intreats, and those by Counsel warms :
All that allures the Soul of gen'rous Kind,
Or wakes the sleeping Virtue of the Mind,
The Chief employs ; his Words, with artful Ease,
Force ev'ry Breast, and while they force they please.

Now

Now came the Princes at their People's Head
(Sole of the Number *Boemondo* stay'd)
The Hosts divide ; *Tortosa* Part contains,
Part pitch their Tents around the circling Plains :
Upon a solemn Day, in awful State,
The Chiefs conven'd, a glorious Synod, fate ;
Godfrey majestick rising o'er the rest
With Voice sonorous thus the Peers address :

WARRIORS of God ! to whom his Choice has
giv'n

T' assert the violated Rights of Heav'n,
Safe in his Aid thro' many a deathful Day,
Safe thro' the Dangers of the watry Way
You still have past ; and, when the rolling Sun
Has scarce five times his annual Circle run,
Thro' various Nations led your social Pow'rs,
And humbled to the Lord their hostile Tow'rs,
High mid the Realms his conqu'ring Banners
rear'd,

And taught his hallow'd Name to be rever'd.
We left not, as I judge, our natal Plain,
Our Wives, our Children, all the tender Train,

Nor thro' rough Seas unnumber'd Perils bore,
Nor dar'd fierce Battel on a foreign Shore,
To win of empty Fame a vulgar Sound,
Or take Possession of a barb'rous Ground;
Mean were that Prize, our Labours worse than vain
Our Blood to lavish, and our Souls to stain.
Ne'er to desist was once the Voice of all,
'Till we surmounted *Sion's* sacred Wall,
Freed from unworthy Bonds the Christian Throng,
Who groan beneath unfufferable Wrong,
And rais'd in *Palestine* a new Domain,
Where Piety sincere in Peace may reign,
Where the faint Pilgrim may devoutly bow
O'er the Great Tomb, and pay the holy Vow.
Slight is the Praise our former Deeds may boast,
Tho' hard the Labours, yet those Labours lost,
If now in Sloth we spend th' unactive Hours,
Or from our first Design divert our Pow'rs.
In vain we shock proud *Asia* with Alarms,
Assembl'd *Europe*, set a World in arms,
If dire Destruction be the Fruit alone,
Not Empires rais'd, but Empires overthrown.

Unhappy

Unhappy He ! whom fond Ambition sways,
A feeble State on human Props to raise,
His Friends but few, upon a foreign Ground,
Unnumber'd Unbelievers swarming round,
Where he no Trust in faithless *Greece* can rest,
And distant sees the Succours of the West ;
Soon will his Labours in the Dust be spread,
And the vast Ruin crush the Builder's Head.
Turks, Persians vanquish'd ! *Antiochia* won !
Heroick Acts and worthy of Renown !

Not ours indeed--'twas Heav'n the Pow'r bestow'd,
Those wondrous Conquests were the Acts of God :
Should we Heav'n's Gifts, thro' mad Ambition blind,
Employ to other Ends than Heav'n design'd,
I fear, O much I fear, in such a Wrong
Th' Eternal Vengeance would not slumber long ;
Of God unfriended all our Glories grow
The Scorn and Fable of the Pagan Foe.
By Heav'n's immortal Pow'r, let none profane
His Grace divine, nor make his Bounties vain ;
Let all our Deeds in one great Tenour run,
And end with Glory as they first begun.

While

While now the Season calls us forth to arms,
While ev'ry Road is safe from hostile Harms,
Why haste we not, when fair Occasion smiles,
To *Sion*, glorious Term of all our Toils?
Chiefs, I pronounce, and to my Words give ear,
Thou present, and ye future Ages, hear!
Hear all ye blest Inhabitants of Heav'n!
The Time to free Great Solima is giv'n:
Rise then, ye Peers, secure of Conquest, rise,
If we delay, uncertain is the Prize;
My Soul presages, if our Arms are slow,
Ægyptian Aid will reinforce the Foe.

HE said. A short-liv'd Murmur strait was heard:
Sage *Peter* then his rev'rend Figure rear'd,
(First Author of the War) and thus began
With Accent mild the solitary Man.

WHAT *Godfrey* moves, O Peers, I too advise,
For Truth resistless speaks his Counsel wise,
Do you approve with well-consenting Mind,
And let me add what yet remains behind.
If I mis-judge not, the commutual Hate,
The fierce Contention and the vain Debate,

The stubborn Will, reluctant to obey,
The Conquest broken in the middle Way,
Are Ills which to one common Spring you ow'd,
(Spring of all Motion 'gainst the publick Good)
That balanc'd Pow'r to various Men assign'd
Of diff'rent Counsel and unequal Mind.
Where *One* is not, from whose superior Will
Derives the legal Pow'r to punish *Ill*,
Good to reward, and with impartial Hand
Point each his Toil or Station of Command,
There must Confusion ever vex the State,
Be wise then Warriors and one Head create,
To him let all the friendly Members join,
His Pleasure guide 'em and his Will confine,
On *One* the Scepter and the Pow'r bestow,
A King in Empire, as a King in Show.

HE ceas'd. What Ear, O Voice divine! can be,
O holy Fire! what Bosom, barr'd to thee?
By thee inspir'd each Word, a Flame-like Dart,
Found easy Passage to the Hearer's Heart,
Inborn Ambition, ev'ry Swell of Pride,
At thy Rebuke, in ev'ry Breast subside;

Gulielmo,

Gulielmo, *Guelpho*, most respected Pair,
Loud name *Goffredo* Leader of the War.
The rest assent; To him the Pow'r they yield
To call the Council, to direct the Field,
Laws to impose on Realms subdu'd by Arms,
And guide the Progress of the War's Alarms;
His Peers obedient to his sov'reign Sway
Consent to follow where he points the Way.

FAME soars aloft and on her busy Wings
The Tydings instant to the Nations brings.
Forth comes the Chief, th'admiring Hosts approve,
Loud Acclamations shake the Realms above;
He with Benevolence and Look serene
Receives th' Applauses of his shouting Train,
To each fond Shew of duteous Zeal replies,
Then bade, when Morn should purple o'er the Skies,
In sep'rate Bodies to divide the Band,
And ev'ry Chief his sev'ral Pow'r command.

Now rose the Sun, and with unusual Ray
Bright and serene o'er Heav'n diffus'd the Day.
Forth issues from the Camp the martial Train
Beneath their Ensigns to th' appointed Plain,

Rang'd in fair Order the Battalions shine
In polish'd Arms, a long-extended Line :
The Gen'ral plac'd, the marshal'd Hosts beheld,
Move on in Rank, and stretch around the Field.

OH *Mem'ry* ! Time's and blanc Oblivion's Foe,
Who treasur'ft Facts and giv'ft the World to know,
Open thy Stores, that I may thence proclaim
What Hosts, what Chiefs to rescue *Sion* came,
Resound and brighten all their antient Praise,
Now mute and foil'd by a long Tract of Days;
And let my Verse exalt each mighty Name
To shine eternal on the Sphere of Fame.

The LIST of the FORCES.

THEIR Colours first the gallant *French* unbind,
And stretch the golden Lily to the Wind.
From that fair *Isle* whose rich and ample Ground
Four Rivers with circumfluent Streams furround,
Late their King's Brother, led the chosen Pow'r,
Now wrapt in Death he heard of Wars no more ;

His Troops their Standard under *Clotaire* bring,
Clotaire in all things, but the Name, a King :
All clad in pond'rous Arms, a valiant Band,
A thousand Spears obey the Chief's Command.
Equal in Force to these the *Normans* came,
In Looks, in Genius, Arms and Skill the same ;
To *Robert's* Conduct trust the martial Train,
Who o'er their Country stretch'd his native Reign.

Two Pastors of the People next appear,
Blameless *Gulielmo*, and good *Ademar*,
Whose pious Hands before the sacred Shrine
Had practis'd long the Ministry divine ;
Now to fierce War the zealous Priests repair,
The pondrous Helmets press their Length of Hair :
These head the Troops, *Orangia's* City yields,
And those who plough the beauteous *Pavian* Fields ;
Four Hundred Horsemen own each Leader's Care,
Dextrous alike in ev'ry Turn of War.

THEN *Baldovin* the bold *Boulognians* led,
His own, and those his Brother us'd to head,
Since He, now Chief of Chiefs, unrival'd stands,
And all obsequious wait his high Commands.

Carnuti's

Carnuti's Standard next was seen to rise,
A Man in Action bold, in Council wise ;
Four hundred Warriors to the Plain he guides,
But o'er twelve hundred *Baldovin* presides.

Now to the Field his Banner *Guelpho* bore,
For Honours much renown'd, for Virtue more.
He by his *Latin* Sire from *Esté* sprung,
Boasts a sure Line of Ancestors and long ;
But *German* in Dominion and in Name,
The mighty Chief the *Guelphian* Records claim.
He rul'd *Carinthia* and the Lands that join
Fast on the Banks of *Ister* and of *Rhine*,
Where dwelt the antient *Swave* and *Rhetian*
Line.

The Mother's Dow'r devolving to the Son,
The Son augmented by vast Conquests won ;
Thence brought a Race, who prodigal of Breath
Undaunted dare the grizly Front of Death ;
In warm Retreats they shun the wintry Blast,
And grace with joyous Song the genial Feast :
Five thousand once, now scarce a third they tell,
The rest, by *Persian* Swords, in Battle fell.

A Nation next their Standard rais'd in Air,
 White was their Skin, and flaxen was their Hair,
 Whom *France, Germania*, and the Sea furround,
 Where the *Moselle* and *Rhine* o'erflow the Ground
 With foodful Grain and plenteous Pastures
 crown'd :

With these their Islanders in Order rode,
 Who check with lofty Mounds the Ocean Flood,
 The Ocean there that with impetuous Wave
 Whelms Towns and Countries in one common
 Grave :

Both Troops in all a thousand jointly came
 Beneath one Chief, and *Robert* was his Name.

NEXT, and superior but by few in Force,
Britannia's gen'rous Warriors take their Course;
 These, skill'd to gall the Battle of the Foe,
 Wing the barb'd Arrow from th' enormous Bow :
 'Twas *William* led the dauntless Squadron on,
William the brave, their Monarch's youngest
 Son.

Him, as their Chief, obey the shaggy Train,
 Who dwell yet nearer to the Northern Wain,

Hibernia these in gloomy Woods confin'd,
Remotest Isle from all the World disjoin'd.

THEN *Tancred* came ; of all the martial Throng
None, but *Rinaldo*, boasts an Arm more strong,
Or with superior Grace of Feature shin'd,
Or bore a manlier Mien or braver Mind :
If any Fault obscur'd his bright Renown,
Love, gentle Folly ! was that Fault alone,
Love sudden born amid the Rage of War,
Nurs'd by Affliction, and confirm'd by Care.
On that great signal Day, such Fame's Record,
When *Persia* fled before the Christian Sword,
Tancredo, Victor in the bloody Fray,
O'erspent with the vast Labours of the Day,
Ceas'd from the long Pursuit of flying Foes,
T' appease his Thirst and give his Limbs repose ;
A Spring he sought, a living Spring he found
Whose verdant Banks umbrageous Honours bound.

HERE, fatal Chance ! a Maid divinely fair
He spy'd in Arms, her Head alone was bare ;
Pagan she was, and she too hither came,
The same her Purpose, and the Cause the same.

The

The Hero paus'd, his wondring Eyes he turns
O'er all the graceful Form, he loves, he burns ;
Strange ! Love scarce born, full Growth immediate gains,

Mounts on the Wing, and arm'd, triumphant reigns.

She brac'd her Helm, and eager to invade
The musing Chief, half drew the glitt'ring Blade,
When, casting round a casual Glance, she spy'd
New Foes thick gath'ring on the Hero's Side ;
By sole Necessity compell'd to fly,
Instant she vanish'd from her Captive's Eye,
His Eye she fled, but flying left behind
Her living Image printed in his Mind ;
In Fancy still the fatal Spring is seen,
The beauteous Visage and the warlike Mien,
The dear Remembrance fans his fond Desire,
And adds incessant Fuel to the Fire.

Well might you see in his dejected Air,
Love's keenest Anguish mixt with deep Despair,
His mournful Breast heav'd with a lab'ring Sigh,
And on the Ground was bent his pensive Eye,

A Son of Woe! Beneath this Hero's Care
Eight hundred Horsemen fought the Eastern War,
Who in *Campania's* Plains, delicious Earth!
The Pomp of Nature! boast their happy Birth,
And in those Hills whose ever-smiling Sides
Tyrrhenus laves with soft embracing Tides.

Two hundred *Grecians* on the Field appear,
Nor moony Shields, nor heavy Mail they wear,
But at their Sides a bending Glaive is bound,
Behind, their Bows, and rattling Shafts resound.
Fleet were their Steeds, by Labour unsubdu'd,
And small the Portion they requir'd of Food;
Quick to assail their Course the Warriors bear
O'er Fields of Death, and thunder thro' the War,
Or active in Retreat with Ranks disjoin'd
They fight, or wing the feather'd Fates behind.

THESE *Tatin* guides; of all the *Grecian* Name
Tatin alone to join the *Christians* came;
O Crime! O Shame, in ev'ry future Age!
Heard'st thou not, *Greece*, the neighb'ring Battle rage?
And could'st thou sit, as at a Show, content
To view great Actions and to wait th' Event?

Go then, base Slave, nor of thy Lot complain,
Justice, not Wrong, assign'd the servile Chain.

LAST the bold Squadron of Advent'ers came,
The last in Order, but the first in Fame;
Unconquer'd still in fighting Fields they dare,
The Dread of *Asia*, Thunder-bolts of War.
Let *Argo* boast no more her Chiefs of old,
Who fought thro' Seas unknown the Fleece of Gold,
Nor *British Arthur* vaunt his Hero's Worth,
So long resounded thro' the spacious Earth,
Silenc'd be ev'ry Name of antient Days,
These Glories darken their diminish'd Praise.
O say, what Chieftain worthy these to head?
Dudon of *Conti*; He the Squadron led.
Since here each Soldier had an equal Claim
To martial Valour and a noble Name,
They chose united *Dudon* to obey,
Eldest in Arms and grown in Combat grey,
For long Experience o'er the rest renown'd,
Tho' full of Days with youthful Vigour crown'd;
From many a Fight, full many a Scar he bore,
All honourable Wounds, and all before.

IN the first Rank the great *Eustatius* came,
Who bore a Title to no vulgar Fame,
But in his Brother's Glories brighter shone.
Near him *Gernando* rode (great *Norways's* Son)
High on his Steed he glows with haughty Fire,
Vain of his boasted Realm and scepter'd Sire.
Great *Barnavilla* next in Rank succeeds,
With *Engerlan* renown'd for martial Deeds :
Gentonio then, and in the noble Throng
Rambaldo and two *Gerards* march'd along :
Nor was the bold *Ubaldo* wanting there,
Nor thou brave *Rosimond*, *Lancastria's* Heir.

WHO shall *Obizo* in Oblivion drown,
A *Tuscan* Name, infatiate of Renown ?
Or of their Fame the *Lombard* Brothers wrong
Achilles, *Sforza*, *Palamed* the strong ?
Or *Otto*, He whose nervous Arm upheld
The broad Circumf'rence of the conquer'd Shield,
Where roll'd a mimick Snake its Length along,
From whose black Jaws a naked Infant hung ?
Nor *Guasco*, nor *Ridolpho* leave behind,
Nor each bold *Guido*, Men of mighty Mind ;

D

Nor

Nor sink ungrateful in th' oblivious Wave
Guernier the bold, and *Eberard* the brave.

ME tir'd with numb'ring, whither matchless Pair,
Gildippe, *Edward*, whither do ye bear?
 O married Lovers! join'd in Hands and Heart,
 You fought united, nor in Death shall part.
 Taught in Love's School, this Fair in Steel Attire
 Press'd her soft Limbs, (what cannot Love inspire!)
 Her Husband's Labours studious to divide,
 Still at his Heart, and ever at his Side;
 Two Bodies with one Soul; does this complain?
 That mourning bears a sympathetick Pain:
 Both feel the Wound, if either bleeding lies,
 And if This die, That sickens, faints and dies.

RINALDO now, majestically tall,
 Tow'rs o'er the Armies, and out-shines them all,
 Himself an Host! mature beyond his Years,
 The Bud scarce op'ning when the Fruit appears:
 Sweetly tremendous! when the Battle join'd,
 He seem'd *Mars* rushing to confound Mankind,
 But from his Brow the horrid Helm remove,
 Coelestial Features speak him God of Love.

Him

Him on *Adigia's* Banks *Sophia* bare
To great *Bartald*, *Sophia* heav'nly Fair.
Matilda, second to a Mother's Cares,
The Infant took, and nurs'd his tender Years ;
Still at her Side he liv'd, a darling Joy,
And she to royal Virtues form'd the Boy :
'Till the loud Trumpet sounding from the East,
With love of Glory warm'd his youthful Breast.
Not fifteen Years had circled o'er his Head,
When sole thro' many an unknown Land he fled,
Travers'd th' *Ægean*, past the *Grecian* Coast,
And join'd in Realms remote the Christian Host.
O noble Flight ! O worthy endless Praise !
Example to thy Sons in future Days !
Three Years tho' heavy Arms his Limbs had prest,
Scarce did the Down his rosy Cheeks invest.

THE Horsemen past ; a Cloud of Foot succeeds,
The first Battalion great *Raimondo* leads,
Lord of *Toulouse* ; he brought the Men who till
The spacious Foot of high *Pirene's* Hill.
Here round the Realm her Stream *Garonna* pours,
There *Ocean* beats the hoarse-resounding Shores ;

Four thousand were his Host, well arm'd, well skill'd,
And worn to Labours of the dusty Field :
Bold were the Troops, nor could a Chief be found
For martial Art or Valour more renown'd.

FROM *Tours* and *Blois* five thousand Warriors
came,
Stephen of *Amboise* was their Leader's Name.
Weak were the Men, tho' all in Armour bright,
Nor could support the long-contested Fight.
Soft, laughing, pleasant, like their natal Earth,
The spruce Inhabitants came gayly forth,
The first the adverse Battle to engage,
But soon, their Nerves relax'd, desert their Rage.

ALCASTO then his threat'ning Forehead rear'd,
(So before *Thebes* stern *Capaneus* appear'd)
Six thousand *Switzers* wait his dread Command,
Born in the *Alps*, a grim, terrifick Band :
The Steel, once us'd to turn the fallow Soil,
They form and temper to a nobler Toil,
And with those Hands that wont the Herds to
guide,
Proud Empires threaten'd, and their Hosts defy'd.

LAST high in Air the holy Banner shone,
Adorn'd with *Peter's* Keys and Tripple Crown ;
Sev'n thousand clad in heavy Arms appear,
Led by *Camillus* to the Field of War :
Joy swells his Soul to see high Heav'n inspire
A Task responsive to his brave Desire,
A Task to emulate the mighty Name
Of his great Sires, and equal all their Fame ;
At least in Arms shew *Rome* superior still,
Or if she fail'd, she only fail'd in Skill.

THUS by their Leader's Care each martial Band
Past in due Order, *Godfrey* gave Command
To call the Gen'ral's ; strait the Circle crown'd,
The Chief bespoke the list'ning Peers around.

SOON as the Morn the purple Orient warms,
Let each draw forth his Squadrons sheath'd in arms,
With swiftest Speed to *Sion* shall they bend,
And her high Walls with quick Surprise ascend.
Haste then, ye Peers, prepare to march your Pow'rs,
Prepare to fight, for Victory is ours.
Fir'd with the Sage's Words the Heroes burn,
And all impatient wait the coming Morn.

BUT

BUT not devoid of Fear was *Godfrey's* Breast,
 (The prudent Warrior yet that Fear suppress)
 Late had he heard, for such the Voice of Fame,
 That *Ægypt's* King with Speed to *Gaza* came ;
 How num'rous Squadrons on his Course attend,
 Destin'd the Bounds of *Syria* to defend.
 Nor could he think a Prince, who joy'd to dare
 In ev'ry desp'rate Enterprize of War,
 Would peaceful long the Scene of Arms foregoe,
 An haughty Monarch and a dang'rous Foe.
 To wait the Hero's Will *Henrico* stands,
 A trusty Legate, whom he thus commands :
 HASTE, launch a swift-wing'd Vessel to the Seas,
 And stretch incessant to the Shores of *Greece* :
 Soon will arrive, I hear, a royal Youth,
 (So one reports, who still reports the Truth)
 Prince of the *Danes*, who comes to claim a Share
 In all our Toils, a Brother of the War :
 A num'rous Band obey the Chief's Controul
 Born in the Realms that freeze beneath the Pole :
 But lest the *Grecian* King with wonted Art,
 Perfidious practise on the Hero's Heart,

Perfuate

Persuade him backward to return, or far
 To distant Regions hence transfer the War,
 Go thou, my Envoy, ever just and true,
 Urge the bold Youth his Purpose to pursue;
 Declare, his Int'rest is with ours the same,
 And now to linger darkens all his Fame:
 Return not thou, the *Grecian* Court attend,
 And move the King his promis'd Aid to send,
 Long promis'd---- tell him, all the sacred Laws
 Of Treaties bind him to assist our Cause.

HE spoke, and to the Legate's Hand convey'd
 The seal'd Credentials; He, Obeisance pay'd,
 Hastes to the Shore with full Instruction fraught:
 Then made the Chief a Truce with anxious Thought.

THE Sun arising in th' æthereal Way,
 Thro' Heav'n's bright Portals pour'd the beamy Day,
 Hoarse Drums and Trumpets give the loud Alarms,
 Each Bosom boils, each Warrior starts to Arms:
 With stern Delight they hear the martial Sound;
 So Thunder rumbling o'er the vast Profound,
 Exalts the Lab'ers Soul with Hopes of Rain,
 When sultry Sun-beams scorch the bearded Grain.

Instant, in Arms array'd, each sev'ral Band
Moves into Rank, beneath their Chief's Command:
Then all in Order the Battalions join'd,
The wide spread Banners float upon the Wind;
High in the midst th' Imperial Standard rose,
On whose broad Flag the Cross triumphant glows.

MEAN while the Sun his fervid Orb had driv'n,
Still mounting on, above the Vault of Heav'n;
Their Arms refulgent, as his Glories play,
Emit around intolerable Day,
The streamy Sparkles flashing thick arise;
Shoot the quick Flames and kindle all the Skies:
Loud neigh their Coursers, ring their Arms around,
And o'er the Region runs a deaf'ning Sound.
The careful Chief the dubious Coast to know,
Cautious of Ambush from th' insidious Foe,
Dispatch'd of light-arm'd Horse a num'rous Band,
And Pillagers to plunder round the Land,
To fill each Fosse, to smoothe each rugged Space,
And open ev'ry close impervious Pass.

AND

AND now uncheck'd they pierce th' intangled
Woods,
Climb the steep Cliffs, and stem the roaring
Floods ;
No hostile Forces and no Walls too strong,
They urge thro' all, and drive the Field along.
As when the King of Rivers, boistrous *Po*,
Lifts his huge Urn, and bids a Deluge flow,
The Torrent thunders o'er the crumbling Bounds,
Impetuous spreads, and whelms the wasted Grounds,
Nor Man, nor Nature can his Rage withstand ;
So pour'd the Host resistless o'er the Land.

THE King of *Tripoli*, whose well-fenc'd Tow'rs
Were stor'd with Treasures, Arms and num'rous
Pow'rs,
Perhaps had stay'd their Course ; but, seiz'd with
Fear,
He skulk'd behind his Walls, nor dar'd the War ;
Thence sent Ambassadors a Peace to gain
With Pray'rs and costly Gifts, nor sent in vain :
What Terms, *Goffredo* grants, such back they bring,
And such with Joy receiv'd the suppliant King.

Here lofty *Seir* views the sacred Town,
The Side that's brighten'd by the rising Sun :
Thence came the faithful Flock, a countless
Throng,

Youth and white Age tumultuous pour along,
With Gifts to greet the Christian Chief they ran,
Exulting to behold the mighty Man ;
They urge, they press to hear his Words, and
gaze

O'er all the Pilgrim Host with glad Amaze.

A Guide these furnish'd : Strait the Warriors
keep

Their Course, still bearing tow'rd the neighb'ring
Deep,

By Paths direct, well-knowing there to meet
The due Assistance of the friendly Fleet,
Whose Vessels, as they sail'd along the Coast,
With Arms abundant might supply the Host ;
Reap all the Isles of *Greece*, and bring the Store
Of Wines from *Crete*, and *Scio's* rocky Shore.

A Fleet enormous swept the liquid Road,
(The bending Ocean groan'd beneath the Load)

Which

Which left no Passage to the Pagans free
 To steer their Voyage thro' the mid-land Sea.
Marcus and *George* the gather'd Sail attend,
 That pleasing *Venice* and *Liguria* send ;
 To these the Ships of viny *France* succeed,
Britannia famous for her fleecy Breed,
 Low *Belgia* beaten by the rolling Main,
 And fair *Sicilia* far renown'd for Grain.

DIVERS their Chiefs, but all united came
 With social Souls, and Sentiments the same ;
 And all, auxiliar to the Camp, were fraught
 With gather'd Stores, from various Countries
 brought.

AND now around the trembling Pagans fly,
 And open wide th' abandon'd Frontiers lye :
 Swift march the Christians tow'rd the hallow'd
 Ground

Where CHRIST submitted to the mortal Wound.

BUT Fame before on hasty Pinions flies,
 Fame, busy Messenger of Truth and Lies !
 She sounds aloud the Christian Armies join'd,
 How they roll on, impetuous, unconfined,

The Climes, the Numbers of th' assembled Host,
What Chiefs command, and what Renown they
boast ;

Thund'ring thro' *Sion* dire Dismay she spreads,
And threatens Vengeance on th' Usurpers Heads.
The secret Dread of Ill impending near,
Is oft a Curse beyond the Ill we fear.

Now each uncertain Breath that Rumour sends
Draws ev'ry Ear, and ev'ry Mind suspends ;
A mingled Murmur universal reigns

Thro' the sad City, and surrounding Plains :
The King alone, (with coming Dangers prest)
Revolv'd fierce Counsels in his anxious Breast.

THEN *Aladine* posselt the Throne, and there
But newly seated, liv'd in endless Care,
Cruel by Nature, but the Hand of Age
Had cool'd his Passions, and becalm'd his Rage.
Soon as the Christians near Approach was known,
And all the Storm impending o'er the Town,
New Fears to join his old Suspicions grew,
And now his Foes he dreads and Subjects too.

FOR in the Circuit of one Wall reside
Two diff'ring Tribes, whom various Faiths divide;
The Many and the Strong to *Macon* sue,
In *Christ* believe the Feeble and the Few.
But when this Monarch made the Realm obey,
He, to cement the Props of sov'reign Sway,
From publick Imposts set the former free,
And whelm'd on these the doubled Misery.
Mindful of this, the Tyrant feels again
His native Rage, by Years becalm'd in vain:
In his black Thoughts new Scenes of Slaughter roll,
And Thirst of Blood burns fiercer in his Soul.
So in the Spring the turgid Serpent glows,
That seem'd but small, benumb'd amid the Snows.
So the tam'd Lion, if offended, burns,
And all the Fury on his Soul returns.

WELL I perceive (in secret thus he cries)
In this false Race new springing Joys arise;
The common Loss has Charms for them alone,
They with a Smile enjoy the gen'ral Groan:
Who knows but now the wretched Caitives lay
Some hidden Scheme, to take our Life away?

Or from our aged Brow to tear the Crown,
And friendly to the Foe betray the Town ?
I trust they shall not ----Vengeance shall destroy
Those impious Schemes, and for their Guilt they
die :

Not one shall Mercy spare ; nor Sex nor Age
Shall save a Christian from our boundless Rage ;
Their Babes, their Infants at the Breast shall fall,
And one prodigious Ruin bury all :
Their Houses, Temples, shall with Flames be spread,
These be the Pyres, due Honours, for the Dead ;
Their Priests, while o'er yon Tomb they breathe
their Sighs,
Shall bleed, and be themselves the Sacrifice.

THUS thought the Tyrant in his murd'rous Mind,
Yet left undone the cruel Deed design'd :
Not that Compassion mov'd ; no tender Sense
Preserv'd unharm'd the Head of Innocence,
But Fear alone ; strong Fear at first impell'd
His Arm to Blood, a stronger now with-held,
Foreboding should he make these Christians bleed,
The conqu'ring Armies might avenge the Deed.

THUS

THUS pond'ring much, he moderates his Ire,
And bends to other Thoughts his fierce Desire.
The rural Structures low in Aishes lie,
The fruitful Cultures vanish from the Eye ;
O'er all the Fields wide Desolation reigns,
Nor Food, nor Harbour for the Foe remains :
He choaks the Fountains, and disturbs the Rills,
And the pure Streams with deadly Poison fills,
Cruelly cautious ! and preventing all,
He strengthens *Sion*, and secures her Wall.
Strong on three Sides the City stood, the fourth,
Which pointed to the Regions of the North,
Was weak alone ; but instant this he bound
With many a Tow'r, and many a rising Mound ;
Then lin'd his Battlements with native Bands,
And mercenary Troops from foreign Lands.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

E R R A T A.

Page 24. line 9. read Heroes.

P. 28. l. 12. r. But soon their Nerves relax'd desert their Rage.

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